

# The Two



# Worlds.

"GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN."

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[ONE PENNY.]

## OUR PROSPECTUS.

The *Two Worlds* will contain a Synopsis of the General News of the week, foreign and domestic, political, religious, and commercial. In politics, it will be perfectly independent of party influence. All questions will be treated with impartiality, as viewed from a Christian stand-point.

The *Two Worlds* will be devoted to the free ventilation of all matters relating to the well-being of man. It will contain leading articles on the Physical, Scientific, Mental, Moral, and Religious questions of the age, irrespective of creeds. As a family paper, nothing will be admitted into its columns which can offend against propriety or morality.

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The *Two Worlds* contains a NEW WINTER TALE, founded on fact, entitled "THE ENGLISH EMIGRANTS," or, Troubles of Life on both sides of the Atlantic, by PAUL BETSEYS, late of New York, America. Being a Romance of Real Life, it abounds with thrilling, yet truthful incidents in the career of persons now living, and is full of important information for intending Emigrants.

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## SELF-EDUCATION.

Self-Education is the development and improvement of men's own mental and moral faculties. Man has a "reasoning soul;" the human reason is capable of incalculable improvement—its glorious and distinctive attribute over that of other organised beings. Man can reflect upon the past, and deduce therefrom lessons for the future. He can anticipate events as likely to happen, by reviewing corresponding chains of occurrences in times gone by; his mental greatness is in proportion to the lessons of instruction he derives thereon. To call forth this capability, and to enlarge and regulate it, are the work of self-education. If the faculties of the mind are not engaged they lie dormant, and man scarcely rises above the level of instinct and animal sensuality,—debasement his exquisite organism, designed by the Creator for nobler purposes than that of merely "consuming the fruits of this earth." His faculties should be directed and exercised with reference to the spiritual ends of his existence.

The word education is derived from *educare*, and literally means "to draw out;" it thus implies the contrary to what many suppose, viz. pouring facts into the mind. Certainly, it implies the reception of facts, but this must be in such a mode as to fix, as knowledge, the ideas of the facts, and their relations, in the mind at the same time that it draws out its faculties, so as to increase these in strength, and enable them to acquire, by their own exertions, further knowledge. Knowledge is but the raw material of education, upon which the educator has to act—to work into form for use,—and in the process increase his capability for working. The great object of self-education should be to exercise observation and thought, to call the distinctive faculties of the human mind into play, to strengthen the reason by habits of deduction and of induction, of analysis and synthesis.

Among the faculties of the mind for careful cultivation are understanding and memory. With out the capability of recalling events and associations, the understanding would be starved, and mental education be labour lost. Memory is the repository from whence the student draws his stores; facts and thoughts—ideas—have to be arranged; by attending to the order in which a subject is presented the whole can be easily

comprehended and retained. The faculty of the understanding, of reflection, is aided by memory. Some people complain of their bad memories, but their failures are the result of bad attention. School-boys who cannot remember lessons remember their games; their lessons have received the lesser attention. Memory is influenced by association. To remember a given thing, something is remembered like it, and then the idea of the thing itself reappears; one idea suggests another in a continued chain of thought, or group of thoughts, according to the special habit of the mind.

The common established systems of education are rather directed to the overcharging of the memory than to the cultivating of the intellect and the disciplining of the mind; under such systems men are viewed as organized machines rather than as reflective, understanding, responsible beings. Too much education to the memory, with too little to the observing and reasoning faculties, cramps the mind by the mere heaping of disjointed facts into it, and as effectually injures it as it is injured by blank ignorance. But while fostering his intellectual capabilities, man must not forget the direction of his affections; he must remember that he has something besides "head;" he has "heart." Conscience must control his affections, or intellect may lead them wrong. There must be moral government as well as mental,—habits of self-government as well as habits of self-knowledge. Life is, in a certain sense, made up of habits: they are not only man's clothing, but they become part of himself. The work of self-education embraces the cultivation of habits of moral rectitude. The word "moral" is derived from the Latin *moralis*, signifying the manner or conduct of life, by the regulation of the affections or passions of the soul. As intellectual training means the drawing out and exercising the faculties of the mind, so moral training signifies the developing and exercising the moral faculties of the soul. Immoral habits must be fatal to one's own inward comfort, permanent peace, and solid enjoyment, as they are to those of our neighbours. Life, in this world, is discipline. Exposed, as man is, to make wreck of a good conscience, it is good for him to know that there are unseen influences at work to balance his mind and regulate his affections. A temptation resisted, a visitation borne with resignation, an act of benevolence in mercy, are severally instances of moral discipline. Our moral life intimately relates us to our brethren and to our Heavenly Father, and is to be regarded from a separate and more interior ground than that of the intellectual. In our moral life, conscience is to be consulted, truthfulness to be maintained, honesty to be practised, humility, obedience, and docility to be felt, in all our varying circumstances. Conscience is the eye of the soul, the moral sense which claims to direct actions, restrain appetites, discriminate between right and wrong, and pass a verdict upon all transactions. The animal faculties may be allowed to prevail against conscience, and the lawgiver within may thereby lose the power to restrain; but he will still retain the power to punish. When no longer the guide, it will not cease to act; it will still retain its office of judge,—although silent, none the less heard, for it is the echo of the voice of God within us.

While, therefore, we diligently cultivate self-wisdom, let us as diligently cultivate love for our brethren, and both with devotion to the Father of all.

## THE INVISIBLE CORD.

ALL who read our journal have heard or read much within the last few weeks of the Atlantic Telegraph, that wonderful cable which has just been made to connect the two great worlds of Europe and America. I do not suppose many can fully understand the means by which the line, nearly two thousand miles in length, was safely deposited in the depths of the sea; still less the way in which the invisible messages run along their narrow road beneath the waves, and carry news in a single moment from our homes in America to cities far away across the ocean.

Did you ever think that in the bottom of the ocean there

are mountains, and hills, and valleys, in as great variety as there are on the land? I am not sure but there are forests, too, of some strange kind of vegetation, and rocks covered with mosses and lichens, and curious animals that live and move in the water instead of the air. Within a few years past, some wise men have found out a great many things about this bed of the sea, and one of the most important is, that a long and comparatively table land, not near as deep as the rest of the ocean, reaches the whole distance from Ireland to Newfoundland, more than sixteen hundred miles. It almost seems as if this table land had been raised on purpose to support the cable which has now been laid; and when we think how much depends on this connection between the two continents, and how wisely and how kindly this earth, in other respects, has been fitted up for the comfort and the improvement of mankind, it hardly seems wrong to believe that it was so designed.

How strange it is to think of that small cable lying still and undisturbed in the depths of the ocean, while storms rage upon the surface, and stranger still, the little lightning messengers that want only a moment to make a journey which the mighty ships that fly upon the wings of the wind, must take weeks to perform. Does it not make those distant countries seem very near when you think that we may know what is passing this very hour in London and other great cities of which you have heard so much, but hardly ever hoped to see? When you have read of London with its Tower and its palaces, its museums and galleries of pictures, have you not wondered whether, ever in your life, you would make so long a journey, and be in the midst of all these objects of interest? Now those distant lands seem to have been suddenly removed, until they stand so near that you can almost touch them with your hand in the darkness, though as yet you cannot see them.

Has this made you think of another tie, which connects you with a distant unseen land? There is a world, which, as yet, "eye hath not seen," whose sounds "ear hath not heard," yet in which we all have a deeper interest than in any land on earth, which one day we trust will be our home. Do you ever remember that every word of yours, and every act, and thought, is known in that unseen land, and that all the interests of your immortal life depend on the record which is kept there, of your conduct and character here? It is as if an invisible cord passed from every soul on earth, up to the presence of God in heaven. We do not see it, and all the thoughts and cares and occupations that fill our minds, roll like an ocean of forgetfulness over our connection with other life. Yet none the less, every hour and every moment, the records of our actions are passing from hence into the unseen land, and are faithfully copied there. Nothing is left out, nothing will be forgotten, and from these records, will be written that Book of Life, which is yet to be opened, "and the dead shall be judged out of those things which are written in the Book."

How careful would you be, if you thought that all your actions were reported hour by hour in distant lands: that you were living, as it were, in the sight of the whole world! How carefully should you live now, when you know that your temper and disposition, your thoughts and language, your acts and all their consequences, are recording themselves in characters that cannot be destroyed, and that one day when you have crossed the ocean of time, and stand upon the farther shore, you will find the history of all that you have thought and said, and done, written and awaiting you there.

There is one more thought in regard to our connection with that other world. If all our actions, right and wrong, are known and registered there, so also are our dangers and necessities. We should be afraid to live in this world, if we were beyond the protection of our Heavenly Father, or if we must be hidden even for a moment from his watchful eye. But wherever we are, at home or abroad, on sea or on land, in the pleasant company of friends, or in darkness and danger, and utter loneliness, still that little cord is unbroken, which reaches from our inmost soul to the immediate presence of God, and no thought or fear, still breathing of faith and prayer, can be unknown or unanswered in heaven.—*New York Observer*.

## THE MARVELLOUS UNIVERSE.

THERE is a sect existent among men, which, although it has lived a century or two, indeed, is possibly very much older than that, for daring-minded human beings have from the earliest ages been guilty of reckless impiety,—who say they believe that there is no power superior to mankind, and that all things composing nature were uncreated, and existed from the first, without being originated or designed. The unreasoning fallacy of such opinions would seem to be shown by the extreme minority of such believers, and the slow increase, if any, that time makes in their numbers. In this country, two or three serial publications announce themselves as the outspoken organs of their comfortless and desolate faith. If the earth itself did not evidence enough of wondrous creation beyond the power of man to

reproduce, the firmament with its countless stars, and luminaries, ought, in its endless variety, yet beautiful uniformity, to furnish it, and dissipate the mists of doubt. Wherever humanity, even in its rudest aspect of savage life has been met with, there has been found a belief in a higher power, although mixed with superstition, and often investing it with demoniacal attributes. From these we learn, however, that a necessity was felt to ascribe the creation around them to power superior to their own.

The science of Astronomy is one necessitating laborious study and abundant leisure; and is, therefore, beyond the reach of the majority of humankind. Astronomers can, therefore, indulge in speculations and assumptions, without fear of contradiction, except amongst themselves; and no class of philosophers differ more than they do with each other's calculations. Swift, in his "Gulliver's Travels," has a sly hit at their whimsicalities, as the following quotation will show. "These people are under continual inquietudes, never enjoying a minute's peace of mind. Their apprehensions arise from several changes they dread in the celestial bodies. For instance, that the face of the sun will, y degrees, be encrusted with its own effluvia, and give no more light to the world: that the earth very narrowly escaped a brush from the tail of the last comet, which would have infallibly reduced it to ashes; and that the next, which they have calculated at one and thirty years hence, will probably destroy us. For, if in its perihelion it should approach within a certain degree of the sun, it will conceive a degree of heat ten thousand times more intense than that of red-hot glowing iron; and in its absence from the sun, carrying a blazing tail ten hundred thousand and fourteen miles long, through which, if the earth should pass at the distance of one hundred thousand miles from the nucleus, or main body of the comet, it must, in its passage, be set on fire, and reduced to ashes," &c. However, ridicule aside, comets are, if not fearful, at least marvellous bodies, and are rendered still more interesting and inexplicable from their long intervals of absence, and rapidity of motion. Many of our scientific men look upon them as worlds in a state of formation, or as a mere collection of vaporous matter. These opinions are rendered doubtful, if not negatived, by the fact that they are seen again, century after century, in the same state and form as at first. If they were incipient worlds, we should find them altered in constitution; besides, the tail or appendage stretching out so far into space as with many of them would seem opposed to this theory. In the comet of this year first seen by Dr. Donati, the appendage, or train, proceeding from it, it is quite clear, cannot be properly called a tail; for a tail would extend itself in an opposite direction from the course of the comet, while in this instance, the luminous appendage precedes the body or nucleus, and has the appearance of a mass of reflected light. Although we may measure the sizes and distances, &c., of bodies in space, we can only theorize as to their organization. Nothing will ever be satisfactorily proven, as to their composition to beings of this life. Death may teach us more: we must be patient till then. Still it may be permissible to entertain and express as an idea, that comets may be inhabited by beings on missions of good to the inhabitants of the various spheres which they approach. It is believed that seasons are rendered more fruitful by their advent. A late writer inclines to dispute the moon's light being derived from the sun, and that the former may have an atmosphere as we have. Certainly the dictum of philosophers, upon this matter, is open to question. Is it not derogatory to the infinite and supreme power, that the moon should be so dependent? Throughout nature, we observe two principles ever at work, a positive and a negative, or a good and evil agency. Thus, the sun may be regarded as positive, the moon as negative; and this is fully borne out by facts. The sun's glorious light renders all nature fruitful and healthy; while the baleful effects of the moon upon animals and vegetable productions is often strikingly shown. In persons of weak and insane constitutions, the full moon exerts a very evil influence. The design or use of the moon in connection with our earth, is as yet but little known; it is called the luminary that rules the night; but it is evident that the moon is useless as a light-giver, as we only have its full light for a few nights in each month. That the light of the moon is independent of the sun, would seem to be proved beyond doubt from the totally distinct and opposite influence of her light upon all nature; whereas, if its light was borrowed from the sun, it would, we might imagine, exert an equally benefic power, [though less powerfully] as the great day luminary. Astronomers indulge the less scientific portion of the community with extraordinary theories, and in abundant variety. One writer has recently given out, that the moon is an offshoot from our earth in its early days, when in a burning and volcanic condition. Here is his description—speaking of our earth in its then molten and raging state, "It came at last, after throes of inconceivable agony, the earth relieved itself. It tore from its half-cooled surface immense masses, and projected them with monstrous force into space; not on one side alone, but on all. Lumps of earth, four and five miles in thickness, and thousands of miles long and wide, were in an instant forced upward with such force as to pass beyond the circle of the earth's attraction. These various masses soon felt attraction for each other, and assembled together," &c., &c. Thus, according to this learned philosopher, the moon came into being. Another one asserts that it and all the planets of our system, were projected from the sun. Which is right? or are both wrong? W. D. M.

The other day an old lady rushed into the garden in search of her daughter upon being told that she had gone there with a "ruke."

#### NOTES OF THE WEEK'S NEWS.

IN foreign news we have this week to report the opening of the Prussian Chambers, by the Prince Regent; the speculations in engineering, in Spain, including the canalization of the Ebro, (approved of by the Government,) the inauguration of the Bilbao and Tudela railway, &c.; the illness of the Princess Christina; the condemnation of the editor of the *Estado* to 4000 reals fine, for having attacked the Spanish Government; the construction, just commenced, of a navigable canal from Astrakhan to the Caspian Sea, which will be one of the most important public works for the commercial prosperity and development of the resources of Russia ever inaugurated with the sanction of the Czar; the application of 300,000 Hungarian Protestants to the Emperor for permission to superintend their own schools and to hold a synod; and a violent quarrel between the Greek Consul at Crete, and the Governor of that island.

At home we record the return of the Court from Scotland, and numerous demonstrations of loyalty at Doncaster, Peterborough, and various places on the route, (403 miles traversed in 11 hours, or at the rate of 40 miles per hour); the final elevation of Big Ben, or St. Stephen, as it has been christened, and its salute of twenty-one "sounds;" a meeting of Chartists in the Secularist Hall, Blackfriars-road, when all attempts to unite with the middle classes were denounced, and all went in strongly for the charter and nothing short of it; the election of three directors of the East India Company, Messrs. Dent, Moore, and Plowden; the address of Lord Shaftesbury to the Christian young men at Bradford, containing much excellent advice, and in which he combatted the assertion that religious education had proved a failure, shewed that it had frequently been impaired by the difficulties, dangers, and temptations which beset young men in their course, and warned them of the effect of novel-reading, which, he said, was to benumb the moral faculties and render them positively useless for real action and for great purposes; the election of the Hon. Capt. Hanbury for Leominster; the intended augmentation of the coast-guard, 4000 men from 20 ships of war ordered home from foreign stations being devoted to that service; the publication of the London General Omnibus Company's report, stating that £291,000 were taken in the last half year, a great decrease, owing to the existing competition; the continuation of the preparations for warming St. Paul's for the winter services to be held in that cathedral; the fining of a dozen members of "the fancy" at Liverpool, for being engaged in a dog-fight; the proposal to commemorate the 300th anniversary of the accession of Queen Elizabeth to the English throne, on Nov. 17, by special services in churches and chapels, with especial reference to the cause of Protestantism.

In religious matters, we may mention that the Congregational Union has just held its autumnal session at Halifax, where the religious press was characterised by one of the ministers present, as a drain to carry off impurities,—"impurities extremely offensive" abounding therein; and where a spirited discussion arose on the propriety of preaching popular Sunday sermons with odd titles, such as "Whitewash" and "A penny a mite," and on the subject of extempore preaching. The Rev. Mr. Latrobe, of London, has been advocating the Moravian Missions, at Edinburgh, and stated that they had 73 stations, 74,187 hearers, 21,000 communicants, and 304 male and female agents. The Bishop of Cape Town is over in England, pleading for the erection of a college for the Missionary training of the sons of African chiefs; towards which Miss Burdett Coutts has given £1,500 (as well as £15,000 for the endowment of a bishopric in British Columbia.)

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—"The Jews in London are giving the Christians an example of liberality of thought. The syllabus of the Jews' Literary and Scientific Institution, Sussex Hall, Leadenhall-street, City; states that a Lecture is to be given by Mr. Jones of Peckham, on "Spirit power, or the Supernatural," on Friday, November 5th, at 8 p.m. The subject has been and still is one of importance to us all. "If a man die shall he live again," and as the chariot wheels of God's power are ever in action, why should it be considered a thing incredible that the Deity should allow incidents of a supernatural kind to occur, akin to those of olden days? It is well to prove all things and hold fast to that which is found good.

#### ELECTRICAL PSYCHOLOGY.

THE Rev. Dr. S. Wills has been recently lecturing on this subject at the Calthorpe Institute, Gray's Inn Road, one of the useful Working Men's Institutions now becoming more and more numerous. With much that has often been said, the lecturer expressed ideas which are seldom uttered before public audiences; from which we infer that he is not only an enlightened but a bold man, and his original views seemed to be well received.

We condense the report of the very suggestive lecture:—"Man, created in the likeness of God, with an intelligent and living soul, possessing self-motion, and a material body, is an epitome of creation. The brain, the fountain of the nervous system, from which millions of branches extend throughout the body, consists of two parts,—the cerebrum, in the front of the head, containing the voluntary nerves; and the cerebellum, in the back of the head, containing the involuntary nerves; these interweave together, descending into the spine, forming the spinal marrow. The nervous fluid is the connecting link between life and matter. The nerves extend throughout the whole body, while the mind finds its seat in the brain, communicating with the whole of the body, which the Rev. Doctor compared to a telegraph, the nerves being

its wires. Electricity is taken, with the oxygen of the air, into the lungs through the blood, which is electrified and becomes pure for circulation through the system; the electricity is then thrown off and conveyed to the brain."

So far the Rev. Doctor's views may pass, observing that the electricity received by the lungs becomes converted into human electricity in the human being.

The lecturer then addressed attention to the cure of disease. "Electricity is the cause of many effects produced on the system. When it is equalised throughout the body, the blood will also be equalised, but when it becomes disturbed, the blood will also be disturbed, become impure, and thus produce disease; it is therefore certain that as disease is generated by disturbing the electrical nervous fluid, so health may be restored by equalising it. Now, disease may be produced either by physical or mental impressions, though more often by the latter; therefore health must be restored by means of physical and mental impressions, or both. Drugs never have cured a disease; but they bring the nervous fluid to act upon the part of the body diseased, as the means of curing it. Electrical Psychology is the best means of restoring health. Mental impression is God's pharmacy; physical, man's. If a person be in the psychological state, the mind may be impressed, and the nervous fluid directed to any part. If I render a person negative to myself, I can control the fluid, so that I can send it where I please; because the positive and negative blend or harmonise with each other." After stating that about one person out of every twenty-five born into this world is in a psychological state, he proceeded to perform experiments, clearly showing the influence of the operator over the mind and muscles of the individual on whom he operated.

He endeavoured to operate on the whole assembly, by causing them to close their eyes, and chose from amongst them several who found a difficulty in opening them. He showed, first, his power over the muscles of those he operated upon by closing the eyes, paralyzing the arms and legs, fixing to a chair, keeping the arms extended at his pleasure. He then showed his power over the mind by causing one of them to believe his handkerchief was a rabbit, a stick, a snake, and that water was wine, of which he drank till he supposed he was intoxicated; he also influenced a little girl, so that she imagined she saw the comet. All these experiments were performed to the no small amusement as well as edification of the audience. He likewise showed its effects in the removal of disease by producing a pain in a boy's arm, and carrying it to the foot and through the system. He then deduced a moral principle from this science—that if man has such an influence over his fellow-creature's mind, how much more has "the prince of the power of the air;" and showed the necessity of fortifying ourselves against the temptations of Satan, and being strong in the Lord. He concluded the lecture by cautioning the audience not to attempt these experiments unless well acquainted with science, as life and death are in the hands of the operator; and he gave instances of persons who have been injured by so doing, and narrow escapes of death through the want of skill in the operator.

We wish lecturers on this subject would leave off calling by the clap-net term of Electrical Psychology, and say what it really is, Partial Magnetization or Partial Mesmerism, if they like that better; Electrical Psychology is as nonsensical a term as Electro-Biology.

D.

#### HINTS TO HUSBANDS.

Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter, though you never think of it again. Do not speak of some virtue in another man's wife, to remind your own of a fault. Do not reproach your wife with personal defects, for if she has sensibility, you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company. It touches her pride—and she will not respect you more or love you better for it. Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third person. The sense of your disregard for her feelings will prevent her from acknowledging her fault. Do not entertain your wife with praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women. Do not too often invite your friends to ride and leave your wife at home. She might suspect that you esteemed others more companionable than herself. If you would have a pleasant home and cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your own house, and remarkable for sociability elsewhere.

Remember that your wife has as much need recreation as yourself, and devote a portion at least of your leisure hours to such society and amusements as she may join.—By so doing, you will secure her smiles and increase her affection. Do not, by being too exact in pecuniary matters, make your wife feel her dependence upon your bounty. It tends to lessen her dignity of character, and does not increase her esteem for you. If she is a sensible woman, she should be acquainted with your business and know your income—that she may regulate her household expenses accordingly. Be it remembered that pecuniary affairs cause more difficulty in families than any other cause. Your wife has an equal right with yourself to all you possess in the world—therefore she should be made acquainted as nearly as possible with that which is of great importance to both.—Do not withhold this knowledge in order to cover your own extravagance. Women have a keen perception—be sure she will discover your selfishness—and though no word is spoken, from that moment her respect is lessened, and her confidence diminished, pride wounded, and a thousand, perhaps unjust, suspicions created. From that moment is your domestic comfort on the wane.—*Boston Times*.

## HOW TO CURE SCARLET FEVER.

WHEN the usual symptoms appear, which are sore throat, nausea, inflamed eyes, and general chilliness, followed by heat and red patches on face and arms, immediately commence as follows:—Put feet into hot mustard and water, and cold wet bandage round head, whilst you prepare a *Wet Pack*, which is done by laying a warm blanket, or two blankets, on a sofa or bed, and a well squeezed-out towel out of hot water over the blanket; then wrap the child's feet up in a separate piece of warm flannel, and lay it naked on the squeezed out towel, and lifting up the child's arms, wrap one side of the towel round the body; then lay the arms down and wrap the other side of towel over; then well wrap one side of the blanket over, and lay a soft pillow or blanket over the stomach, and wrap the other side of blanket over, and let the child lay so for half or three-quarters of an hour, taking care that the head bandage is kept cool with cold water. When the child has been in the *Wet Pack* the time above named, take it out, and quickly sponge or rub it over with another towel, and tepid water, and then well rub it dry with a coarse dry towel, and put on calico body bandage, squeezed well out of hot water, tight round the bowels, the outer round dry. When dressed, pack the throat with a strip of calico, or a small napkin squeezed out of hot water, and a warm strip of new flannel over it, the flannel large enough to wrap round the throat several times; still keep the wet head bandage on, frequently rewetted when warm; and whenever the feet are cold, put them into hot mustard and water for three or four minutes, and wipe them over with a damp towel before rubbing them dry. Continue the above treatment each day till the skin is read with the rash, and then only sponge the whole body over morning and night with warm water, keeping on wet body bandage, and attending to throat, head and feet, as above, and the child will soon be well. If the child is too delicate for the *Wet Pack* only use the sponging, &c. Let the child drink what cold water it wants, and never mind about troubling it with food as very little is needed, and that little should be very light; no stimulants or medicine whatever. When the Fever settles principally in the throat and head, then in addition to the above apply 82,\* and if throat is still bad, put a mustard poultice on till red, then spongio dry for half an hour, and then apply 82 again. Also put the back of the child's head in a basin of cold water, and sponge the forehead well whilst in, for a quarter of an hour at a time, several times a day. Give "Cooling Drink" three or four times a day, whilst fever is high. After the feverish symptoms are gone, frequently in delicate constitutions the bowels and legs, and sometimes the whole body swells; but no alarm need be felt, as it is only from weakness; but then adopt the following treatment:—put soles of feet in hot mustard and water, and then dry rub the legs with warm hands, rubbing upwards several times a day, and morning and night dry rub the whole body with hands and dry mustard; wear a piece of new flannel round the body instead of the body bandage, and wrap the legs up with strips of new flannel, and give one teaspoonful of Cod Liver Oil every night in a little cream.—JOHN SMEDLEY.

HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT, MATLOCK BANK,  
August 31, 1858.

\*82 THROAT FOMENT. Take half a yard of flannel, fold in four lengthways, wring it out of hot water, wrap round throat, and one yard dry flannel over, renew every fifteen minutes for one or two hours, wipe with tepid wrung out towel, and put on spongio or flannel sprinkled with warm water and one yard dry flannel over. COOLING DRINK.—To one teaspoonful of citric acid, two of cream of tartar, and the juice of half a lemon, add a quart of cold water, and sweeten with lump sugar. If lemon cannot be procured, add a little more citric acid, and the juice of an orange.

## MACHINERY AND ITS RESULTS.

SIR,—Nothing earthly is more admirable to contemplate than the wondrous emanations and power of the human mind; and this is especially to be witnessed in the multifold marvellous inventions that have been ushered into existence. In many of these, it appears as if the soul of man had been transferred to matter, and with it, the power of thought. So grand an agent, it would of necessity be imagined, would operate immensely for the benefit of the human race, who have created it, through the soul, implanted by a supreme and omnipotent power, to whom mankind is subordinate. But when we reflect seriously upon the actual position of humanity, we are led to form conclusions, the reverse of satisfactory. Machinery is over being brought to bear upon some branch of manufacturing industry, and hereby displaces large bodies of the working population, who are thus turned adrift to seek employment of some other kind, if possible, in some way connected with their accustomed pursuits. When they cannot meet with any such, their prospect is a gloomy one, as the regular fields of labour are generally fully supplied; or if there may be room for them, there is the objection to be urged against them of their unfitness for any new employ, for, however clever and apt to learn a worker may be, there must always be something that requires time to become properly acquainted with. Not only is this so, but with every fresh employer, even in the same line of occupation, there is a new system of doing business to be got hold of. The number of emigrants is swelled considerably from this cause; and prudent workers having comparatively fair wages, lay by out of their earnings for such certain future fatal contingencies. Those unprepared to meet the dread time, become pauperised, or perhaps enter into some far inferior department of industry, so far as relates to the amount of wages. We were told,

many years back, that the increase of machinery would bring increase of happiness to the community, and give them more leisure for mental improvement and progress. That it has not done so is undeniable; every year sees increased unhappiness, and discontent; wages, as a rule, are constantly decreasing, while the hours of labour are not reduced, except to the disadvantage of the labourer in a pecuniary sense. Workers, in very many instances, have the leisure they do not want; that is to say, unemployment. At such a time when starvation and penury are at the door, mental improvement is out of the question. In the face of these discouraging and painful truths, we find from the last annual report of the Registrar General, that our population was increasing at the rate of 731 per day, and this is probably much under the real number; when we take into account non-registry, and illegitimate births, the greatness of the annual amount may thus be easily conceived. It has always been a difficulty to provide for our female population, so as not to clash with the labour of males to an injurious extent. A large proportion of the former have obtained a scanty existence by the sewing and making up of various articles of clothing. Poor as the reward for their labour was, it may have preserved from a worse fate. Now, there are no less than five or six sewing machines in operation, capable of performing every variety of work, and some of them will accomplish as much work in one day as twelve persons can; each machine requiring but one pair of hands. What is to become of the other eleven? We hear much of putting women to some of the employments of men, as for example, in the linendrapery, and other similar light occupations; but although they are doubtless, they may be well suited for these, we must not lose sight of our displacing male labour, for whom provision must be made, and who are badly fitted for most other occupations, from the nature of their present one. What a contrast is the picture of life in the semi-civilized Burmese empire! A recent traveller says of them, "In this little town, Burman life and manners are seen in all their simplicity; and the observer cannot but be struck by the frugality, contentment, happiness, and enjoyment of life manifested by the people. All appear well-off, and have silks, and gold ornaments at their command. None are very rich, and none are very poor. The painful contrast of wealth, luxury, and gorgeous display, with squalid poverty, suffering, and want, so often exhibited in more highly civilized countries, is here unknown. All have enough, and are contented with that sufficiency," &c. In this country, machinery, except in its rudest type, is doubtless unknown, or does not exist. Yet here is happiness, while the exact reverse is the tableau England presents. Looking at the results, machinery has as yet it would be an evil rather than a beneficent agent. Its good effects have, it would seem, yet to appear, should that time ever be witnessed.

W. D. M.

## Our Letter Box.

[We must impress on our Correspondents the necessity of brevity in their communications. It will be impossible, if they persist in being diffuse, for us to do justice to the many letters we receive for insertion. We are willing, as we intimated before, to give all an audience; but to this end, all must write briefly and to the point. Indeed, in future, we shall feel bound, except in special cases, to give the preference to communications which combine the two excellencies named.—ED. T. W.]

## FEMALES ON PUBLIC PLATFORMS.

SIR,—With deference to the good sense of "John de Fraine," I am sorry to disagree with him on some points, as to "whether Women ought to speak on Public Platforms." I see no reason against it. If they have sufficient nerve and useful things to say, why not, as well as sing in a public orchestra or write a book? Women have sense as well as men, and sense which need not be buried at home. If they are, from their present cramped state in society, not quite equal to men in hard brain work, they certainly excel them in heart work. Women are more sensitive, more humane, and less addicted to crime than men, and, therefore, their sentiments ought to be brought forth, and, by the stimulus of this being done, their minds will be further improved. I cannot see why a woman's whole time should be spent in the back ground in household duties. Surely from a day, say of only twelve hours, they might spare a few hours for recreation and other useful and ornamental pursuits. The household duties, where there are servants, and, perhaps, governesses kept, cannot be so very laborious as to require a woman to be quite a drudge to them, and if even the dinners are not quite so well cooked, or a little be wasted, or things not kept quite so orderly as they might be, the evil is not of such great magnitude, but two or three hours per day might well keep all this straight; and if not, I see no reason why the husband, if there be one, should not assist in spite of custom, should he not be satisfied with his wife's services.—L. G., Kennington.

## SPIRITUALISM.

IS IT "A DELUSION AND A SNARE?"

MR. W. MALTHOUSE, October 9th, 1858.  
DEAR SIR,—It is so much more easy and pleasant to write to a person, than to write at him through the medium of Mr. Editor, that I trust you will excuse my freedom in thus personally addressing you. Your letter in the *Two Worlds* is headed "What is Spiritualism?" and the substance of your answer to this question is contained in the following sentence:—"I take up my pen boldly, as a rational thinking being, and declare the whole fabric of

Spiritualism, and its adjunct spirit-rapping, table-turning, &c., to be a delusion and a snare." Very well! Your position so far is decided and intelligible; and your desire and effort to stay the "delusion" is highly commendable. I hope that both of us seek to use our pens wisely, as well as boldly; and that you, "as a rational thinking being," are fully aware of all that is implied in the foregoing unqualified declaration, and prepared to substantiate its truth. I would remind you that there are two kinds of judgment; one, the judgment that precedes investigation and enquiry, the other the judgment that follows it. Of the first kind, Solomon has said "He that answereth a matter before he heareth it, it is folly and shame unto him." This kind of judgment I hope we shall, by common consent, rule at once out of court as altogether inadmissible. I presume, then, that as "a rational thinking being," your judgment is of the second kind; and further, that you will agree with me, that the case requires you to state the specific grounds on which you found the judgment you have so "boldly" declared. I submit, that this judgment involves an obligation on your part, to prove one of two things; either, that the alleged facts of Spiritualism are no facts, or that they are facts which may be adequately explained without reference to spirit-agency. If you adopt the former alternative, I must respectfully ask you to state your canons of evidence, and the principles by which you determine the truth of testimony. There are hundreds of respectable intelligent men and women in England and America, who, independently of each other, have at different times publicly testified to the truth of certain phenomena which they have severally witnessed. Are you prepared to assert that they have all lied wilfully, deliberately, systematically lied? that the evidence they profess to have had by sight, hearing, and touch, is altogether fabulous? or that the evidence of their senses has deceived them, and that not once, but many times, not single individuals only, but companies of individuals, and that all were subject alike, and continue to be subject, to the same hallucinations? In either case, I ask again, What becomes of the value of testimony? If it cannot be trusted here, where it is so abundant and accessible, and in matters visible, audible, and palpable, where can it be trusted out of the range of our own personal experience? On this point we are discussing not a question of philosophy, but a simple question of fact. But you may take the other horn of the dilemma, and tell me that all genuine facts in Spiritualism can be satisfactorily explained by purely mundane agencies. Well, suppose you try your hand at it; I shall be happy to weigh and consider any explanation you may have to offer but, bear in mind, if you please, that any citation of facts foreign to the question, or vague statements such as that "too deep study and intense fixing of the mind upon spiritual topics" create "a kind of morbid state in the brain," to which these facts are to be attributed, will not satisfy me "as a rational thinking being," unless you can prove, not by conjecture or hypothesis, but by legitimate evidence, that the phenomena known as Spiritualism are produced by the agency in question; and if you can further favour me with a statement of the *modus operandi* by which "a kind of morbid state of the brain" effects these results—"spirit-rapping, table-turning, &c.," you will place me under still deeper obligations. I have some familiarity with the theories by which Spiritualism has been successively accounted for. Professors Faraday and Mahon, Drs. Rogers, Elliotson, and Dods, have severally shot their bolt, and missed the mark. All the more glory to you if you succeed! Your arrow may yet pierce the centre of the bull's-eye. Who knows? It is worth while making the attempt. Like yourself, I am, Sir, A TRUTH SEEKER.

## TEETOTALISM AND THE MAINE LAW.

SIR,—On reading the remarks by "Ductor Dubitantium," in the *Two Worlds*, on the above subject, I felt inclined to write a few criticisms on what was suggested under three propositions. Before we enter into the battle-field and take up the gauntlet, let us require from our opponent a straightforward answer as to whether he has studied what he is going to oppose or not, and whether he has even read any works thereon. Proposition I.—That "Teetotalism is a failure." What did it undertake to do? Could it be expected to remove the traffic? I say, no; because Government places the fiscal question higher than the moral; hence the necessity to appeal to the people to get them to appeal to Government to place the moral question higher than the fiscal. Besides, What other moral cause has made greater progress? Look honestly at the kind and the amount of opposition it had to contend against.

Proposition II.—That "the Maine Law is a failure." That "Restriction is a failure!" 1. Did Mr. Gough prove what he asserted? 2. Was there not much drunkenness where he was? 3. Did he not express a regret that his letter was published? 4. Why did he remain silent after the statement was contradicted by Mr. Dow? 5. Does not the statement that there was more liquor sold in Massachusetts than before, go to prove that entire Prohibition was not enforced? The Maine Law is entire prohibition; its object is to make abstinence easy; drinking difficult; sale prevented. Where there is not any intoxicating drink sold there will not be any drunkenness from any sale. The cause removed, the effect ceases. 6. Did the Maine Law cause more liquor to be sold? 7. What was the cause of more liquor being sold? Restriction is not a failure so far as it is carried out here; vide the celebrated resolution of the Birmingham Publicans:—"That it is clearly shewn, by Parliamentary and other returns, that the vice of drunkenness in towns is in proportion to the number of public-houses," &c. The above resolution was passed at a special meeting of the delegates of the United Towns' Association of Licensed (what are called) Victuallers,



## OUR LETTER BOX—continued.

held October 18th, 1854, at the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum, in Birmingham, Mr. Councillor Joseph Stinton in the chair. The resolution was published in the *Morning Advertiser*, the *Era*, the *Sunday Times*, and the Birmingham papers of October 21st, 1854. I admit that restriction left that which generated the appetite which strives against law. But prohibition does not create a desire; Law does not create a desire to steal.

Proposition III.—“Coercive Law.” 1. You must admit that all laws are coercive to some. 2. Can that be strictly called coercion which the majority of the people desire? 3. Is the desire of the majority of the people to give way to the minority? 4. Why not do away with all laws if men can be better without them? I claim a right to agitate for prohibition, 1. Because moral suasion is not enough for the world. 2. Because my social rights are invaded by the social acts of others. 3. Because the drinks destroy my rights of security. 4. Because it is the duty of government to convey the greatest possible good to the greatest number. 5. Because three-fourths of the crime are traceable to public-houses. 6. Because it is the duty of government to close bad houses, and to interdict anything that interferes with the morals of the people, or ministers to the bad passions of mankind. Is it not their duty to suppress the intoxicating liquor traffic? What has done more to demoralise the people of this country? Has it not proved to be a national curse? 7. Because it is duty of government to preserve the peace and to restrict the sale of poisons. 8. Because society ought not to have the means for the gratification of an appetite which cannot be indulged in without danger to the state. The necessity! for drinking is injurious to the state. It destroys life; it injures the health of the people; imperils property; wastes food; lessens the national resources; augments crime; engenders poverty; increases taxation; corrupts the social habits of the people. 9. Because government has passed laws to punish drunkards, and at the same time to encourage drunkenness. 10. Because it is not right to license a man to mar the image of God in his brother man, to sell insanity and deal out sure destruction. If it is right, why should any man be forbidden to do it? If it is not right, why should any man be permitted? Is it more for the public good that sober men should be made drunkards, (which thousands of them are,) than that those who are already such should remain such? Can that which is bad for parts be good for the whole? Can evil be converted into good by the rule of multiplication? Can wrong be justified into right? All Englishmen have not got self-control. Yours, &c., J. MANN.

SIR,—I can hardly bring myself to believe that the gentleman who signs himself “Ductor Dubitantium” had any intention to damage anything or anybody but himself. In either case, his letter is certainly one of the most apposite illustrations of weakness and logical contradiction I ever saw in my life. Stripping his two first paragraphs of their “smart” phrases and puerile “hits,” he has nothing left, I am quite sure, that can please himself. The first paragraph, which is substantially true, is directly against the conclusion to which he would lead us, and the statements contained in the second, for which he assumes an augmentative value, in reality possess not an atom; for the two classes of facts, in the two paragraphs named, are coincident, and, however much divisions and paritazhips may affect a public movement, they have not in this case, according to “Ductor’s” own showing, quashed the movement. And when he tells us to what divisions and bickerings he refers, whether upon questions of policy or principle, then I’ll tell him whether divisions are evil or good, but in either case they are unavoidable. The Temperance movement is no failure, as may be inferred from the fact that it numbers not fewer than 600,000 adult adherents, 50,000 “Maine Law Men,” six weekly papers, 2,000 “Local Societies,” with a sum of money not short of £50,000 passing through its exchequers; besides an immense quantity of literature. I now pass on to “Ductor’s” category of propositions.

I. In quoting Dr. Lees in his favour, “Ductor” quite mistakes both the intention and the literal meaning of the Doctor. Every man who has given the subject attention knows, that as to gaining the entire national practice over to Teetotalism, the thing has failed; but in bringing over the national opinion to our side, it is a complete and most triumphant success. It is also an additional evidence in favour of Teetotalism that it has given birth to and now sustains on both sides of the Atlantic, the great idea of entire prohibition. The remarks of Dr. Lees were intended to teach J. B. Gough the political tendency of the Temperance sentiment, and expose the ignorant folly of disputing that.

II. If we are to believe the “great Gough,” then, not only is Maine-Lawism a dead letter, but, contrary to his own wishes, so is the “suasion” movement. The fact is, however, Mr. Gough gave an opinion in this case directly opposed to facts, and, since “Ductor” makes him an authority, I may as well tell him that J. B. Gough is not considered, on either side of the water, as a sufficient authority.

III. The Maine-Law is not more repugnant to free agency than any other law, whilst there arises out of all laws destined to promote social well-being, an obligation to obey. It is not opinion that we would coerce at all, it is practice, and that, only, because it throws enormous costs upon those in society who are in no other sense participators; and, besides this, there are numerous reasons why the drinking system should be abolished by law, as far as law can and ought to do it.

IV. On the score of revenue drawn from the drinking system, much can be said, but nothing in favour. I am surprised that any man should set this up as an argument in favour of drinking. The abolition of the traffic will come in a way to prepare all for the change, just as steam power did; and then the labour spent in destroying the people’s food and muddling their brains for one shilling in the pound, will be diverted to more profitable channels.

V. We are quite aware that it is by education, commenced in early life, that a new and better state of things is to be realized. But why have a fling at our Band of Hope children? It must be granted that we begin at the right end there. It is also true that no moral teaching will be complete that does not include and demand obedience to the physical laws of life and scientific hygiene; and, as Teetotalers, we have certainly done more for the masses than anybody else in these respects; and, I am bound to say, there is more sound instruction given from our platforms in a week on physiology, chemistry, emigration, economy, domestic happiness, human rights, and human duties, than is given from all others in a year.

In conclusion, allow me to ask “Ductor” to give the subject a little more thought than he evidently has done. He will not then expose himself, as he has, to the pity of others. Instead of blurring out the fancied failure of Teetotalism, let him turn into our ranks, and, if not too fault-finding, we will give him something useful to do.

Bath.

DIBU ET MON DROIT.

SIR.—As a thorough, “Out-and-out backboner,” I wish to make a few plain remarks on that, (to me,) most nonsensical and unmeaning letter in your number of the 14th inst., signed “Ductor Dubitantium.” What, in the name of common sense, can be the principles of this celebrated and singular man? He commences his letter by giving the teetotalers full credit for “activity,” “immense zeal,” “forcible expression of opinion,” “patient plodding industry,” as having made (by “literally bestudding London with halls,” “Lecturers infesting our streets,” “Ladies running to and fro as if, forsooth on errands of mercy”—and even whole brigades of youngers with “Band of Hope Reviews” and “Temperance Stars” in their tiny fists, ever and anon singing parodic odes “to the Crystal Spring” or bawling in one’s ears “We won’t give up Teetotal,”) a deep impression on the public mind in their favour, and obtained a large number of adherents. But lo and behold! after such grand admissions, we ran against a “But,”—not a butt of beer, ale, or porter,—but a statement apparently of sincere regret that these “zealous partisans” should “forget some facts,” that there are “some traits in their character which seriously detract from their success.” Poor, dear, doubtful “Ductor Dubitantium,” we ought to pity him in return for the pity he feels for the poor “active,” “zealous,” “patient,” “plodding,” “industrious Teetotalers.” O how he laments their “continued bickerings,” “their separation into parties,” and that “their zeal should gain such a victory over their knowledge,” “that they should contradict each other,” and that “there should be among teetotalers,” as well as among Christians, “so many sections and parties,” forgetting that, like Christians, whether followers of the great and good George Whitfield, the equally great and good John Wesley, Calvin, Lady Huntingdon, &c., we all hold the same Head—we all believe in the one great fact—by whatever means accomplished, whether by moral suasion or total suppression, the absolute and entire banishment of all alcoholic drinks from our land. We are all “out-and-out, backbone” “disciples of the pump;” and though there may be trifling points of difference in our advocacy, there is no mistake about us in principle, and with regard to our separation into parties, we have found that this in many instances has turned out to the furtherance of our common cause—may we ever deserve the epithets this kind “Ductor,” (or Doctor) has given us, and already alluded to; may the “ladies” take courage by the encouragement this good gentleman has given them; may our “Band of Hope Reviews,” and “Temperance Stars,” and our “Two Worlds,” and other equally good and valuable temperance publications, be read “in every land, by every tongue.” May the Doctor now wrap’t in “chaotic” darkness—by them be greatly enlightened and soon be found standing on the real solid ground on which the teetotalers stand, we shall then hear no more of such bold and false assertions as he brings forward one by one in endeavouring to prove what neither he nor the whole race of Antiteetotal Doctors will ever be able to prove.

I. That “teetotalism has been tried for above twenty years and it has failed to eradicate the drinking customs from our land.” Perhaps the Doctor will admit with us that it has wholly driven it from thousands of once inveterate drunkards, from hundreds of families, in some cases from whole villages, and that it is going on from step to step until the day dawns (God grant it may not be far distant,) when it shall be wholly driven from our land.

II. “The Maine Law has been ineffectual and a failure.” He asks with all seriousness, “How, indeed, could so coercive a law work well?” It has worked well—it is working well. It ever will work well, until, by and bye, some fine morning, the Doctor may awake from his slumbers and find the Maine Law, not only the law of parishes and townships, but the law of England.

III. That “the Maine Law is repugnant to the great doctrine of the free-will agency of man.” We would here advise the Doctor to read the Alliance “Permissive Bill,” which, of course, he has never done—if he had, he would there see a positive contradiction to his statement; for it is to be enacted, in accordance with the free will or desire of

the people, and not until two-thirds in any parish or township, or borough, or county, shall will it to become law. It is not a coercive measure, it is only acting upon the defensive; and here let me tell this good Doctor, that “opinions have altered”—greatly altered. The people (by thousands) do not still “believe in the necessity and benefit of drinking alcoholics”—inroads in favour of total abstinence are making even among our legislators, our judges, our magistrates, our physicians and medical men, our divines. Yes, it is believed in by the aristocracy—it is practised by many of the great and good in our army and navy. The Church is awakening to its importance and necessity, and methinks the world will, ere long, be convulsed from its centre to its circumference, by the realization and accomplishment of our best hopes and earnest desires.

IV. “That the drinking customs and liquor traffic are a source of national wealth, and their abrogation would result in a fearful amount of non-employment, monetary loss, and pauperism.” That it brings wealth to the revenue of our land we are well aware; but this is rather a proof of its non-necessity, for could not the very same amount of revenue be realized in the shape of a real property tax, or in some other less objectionable and less sinful way. And now for an answer to the very sagacious question in the latter part of No. 4. We unhesitatingly avow that it would have just the contrary effect—a large and rapid increase of employment, of monetary gain, and a visible improvement in the condition of every class of the community. “O tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ashkelon,” that there should be found in the 19th century even a “Ductor Dubitantium,” who would have our jails established, our assize courts built, our lawyers, counsellors, sheriffs, judges, magistrates, and police, supported by the drink traffic. That thousands of them do depend upon it for their maintenance, is a fact we don’t dispute; but that “the traffic is a great advantage to the labour market,” or that the money spent in the purchase of these body and soul-destroying drinks “benefits the operative,” we totally deny. It benefits the brewer, the distiller, the maltster, the wine-merchant, &c., but not the operative. That its entire suppression would throw many out of work we deny; that it would increase our “recipients” for “parochial relief,” we deny—that it would increase our poor-rates, we deny: Away with such twaddle and such untruths; we can call them no less.

V. “That it is by education alone—that is to say, by early training, that a new and better state of society than at present exists is to be realized.” This also we *in toto* deny, except it be teetotal training—this may and will bring about a better state of things, a better state of society. We must, we will spend our strength upon the confirmed drunkard, and we must, and we will also take their children and place them among our Bands of Hope, and thus train them in “the way in which they should go;” and we shall have greatly to rejoice while the poor “Ductor” will have to “despair and die with the axe at the root of the tree.”

Horton.

THOMAS DWYER.

## VEGETARIANISM.

DEAR SIR,—I am afraid I have roused the honest indignation of nearly all the family of Vegetarians. Some say that I have made certain assertions, and am therefore wrong. All I would request of those gentlemen, who have been replying, is, merely to examine well all I have said; and if they do, I think they will find I am not the terrible monster they stamp me to be, after all. If these gentlemen will read, (particularly “Vir,”) they will find I have been merely expressing a belief, supported at any rate by something like fact. When I wrote my letter, I had not tasted pork, beef, veal, or lamb; nor, in fact, any flesh for three days; so you see, Mr. Vir, I wrote in a thorough vegetable spirit, after all. As regards my friend, J. Bowen, allow me to tell you he is not a man to gormandize, but always leaves a meal, so that he is ready for another. I never said that Vegetarianism is sheer nonsense; but did express a belief in my own mind that, as far as suiting every body, and in every clime, and under every circumstance, it was sheer nonsense. Never mind, Vir, don’t be angry; so give me your hand, and allow beef and greens to mingle together. Allow me to say, if flesh did what alcoholic drinks do, never, while I breathe, would I again eat flesh. But it is not so. I know plenty of healthy, happy, and virtuous families, who positively indulge in roast beef, and salt pork, and I have no doubt will remain virtuous till they leave this life, and arrive at “that bourne from whence no traveller returns.” Let me, I entreat, ask a question or two; and when I have done that, do give me satisfactory answers, that I may be as wise and as kind as you are. I want information, and when I ask it, do not scold me, but teach me. I want to know, Mr. Vir, if Vegetarianism would suit the inhabitants of the cold Arctic Regions,—men and women who live in the snow, and whose life depends upon their having a good supply of fatty substance, whose food is whale blubber and reindeer, whose dress is the skins of animals; in fact, whose whole occupation is one incessant chase after food, who, when they see a whale drifting ashore, feel grateful,—a climate where vegetation exists but for a short time, where there is a six months’ night, and the ground during the greater part of that time is covered with snow. I have faith, you will see, to a certain extent, in Vegetarianism; but not as a general rule. At any rate, if I can be persuaded by facts, and shown clearly that any other life than the one I am leading would enable me to enjoy better health, give me more happiness, and enable me to support my family better than now, that life will I adopt. Wishing for an answer to my question, believe me to be a thorough teetotaler, and world-loving butcher, A. ANDRADE. Oct. 23rd, 1858.

## THE ENGLISH EMIGRANTS;

OR,

## Troubles on both Sides of the Atlantic.

BY PAUL BETHUNES.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE HOMESTEAD BROKEN UP—RETURN TO ENGLAND.

For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,  
Who, nurtured underneath our smile,  
Hast paid our care with treacherous wile.  
*Lady of the Lake.*

Probably there is no other part in the world where annually arrive so many human beings, and whose object is to adopt America as their future home, and we may add, that there are few ports where so many advantages and facilities for easy and safe debarkation are afforded; but we dare assert that there is no part in the civilized world where such disregard is paid by the emigration commissioners and local authorities, to the preservation of the lives, limbs, and property of emigrants.

The five several ships that had that morning arrived were each of widely different build and tonnage, and on the bows of the largest, and which lay outside the other four, was plainly seen in gilt letters, "The West Point." But to get on board her was to Mr. Jepson an impossibility, as the one which lay near the street was a vessel of over one thousand tons burden, and, like the side of a house, presented an insuperable difficulty of ascent. On board of the five vessels noticed were upwards of eight hundred adults, and over three hundred children, numbers of whom were busy in removing their goods to get them on shore—all the while subject to the insults and extortionate practices of loafers and boarding-house runners, whilst the ship was crowded with cars and carmen, and confederates of dishonest loafers, whose main object was to plunder the "green horns," as emigrants are termed, and who in hundreds board the emigrant vessels as soon as they enter the dock, and regardless of law and order, are suffered to bully, cheat, and pillage the poor stranger, and who, if once in their hands, may scarce hope to escape till robbed of all they possess.

At this time the difficulties for emigrants to overcome were more than ordinarily severe. A strong tide was running, and the vessels having no protection, were in constant motion, and had drifted apart several feet from each other, and each of these with variously constructed bulwarks, and according to their size and tonnage, stand out of the water at different heights; and the reader may form his view of the immense anxiety attendant upon having to drag boxes, bundles, children, and nervous women, across several ships so situated, and without the accommodation of a board, or a rope, or the assistance and protection of the civil law, and this too among a people who boast of freedom in all its purity, and who vaunt their humanity and intelligence as the best calculated to govern the world at large, and would fain that their star bespangled banner should float over and frown upon every monarchical government in existence!

With the assistance of some coloured men, and who are usually most civil, and it may be courteous, Mr. Jepson and Sam were helped on board the "American Eagle," a fine ship, which lay in her dock at the foot of Beckman-street, and from whose broad deck could be seen the distressing condition of the newly-arrived emigrants. But as the novelty of the scene wore off, and their ears began to accustom themselves to the din and confusion, and being removed from dangerous proximity with horses, cars, and sickening oaths, their eyes roved from group to group, and from vessel to vessel, in search of William Cotton. An hour or two had passed away, during which our two friends had been seated on a bale of goods piled on the poop of the American Eagle, when Sam clutched Mr. Jepson's arm, and in a husky whisper, said—

"Look, mas'r, dere dat ar' William standin' on der dee' ob der West Pint."

Mr. Jepson looked in the direction indicated by Sam's finger, and saw the object of his search leaning on the windlass of the West Point. His face was sun-browned; he wore a red worsted shirt, and was, in every way, attired as a loafer. It would seem that William caught sight of Mr. Jepson, for he shifted his position, but our two friends kept their eyes upon him till he had scrambled over the side of the West Point, and stood on the deck of the Albert, and entered into conversation with a passenger. He was now nearer to the American Eagle, and, turning his head, he recognised Mr. Jepson, who made a signal to him, beckoning him to come over. William replied by waving his dirty chip hat around his head, and made a move as if to attend to the invitation, but was diverted from his intention by the shout of his friend, who had that morning arrived in the West Point, and had been on shore, but had now returned, having climbed up the steep side of the vessel nearest the street, by means of a rope ladder. He was a well-looking young man, about twenty-five years old; he was intoxicated, and seeing William, he held up a bottle of rum, at the same time acting sundry drunken antics, much to the amusement of the passengers. The vessel on which he stood was the Havre, and a ship from Charges lay between it and the American Eagle. William had now made his way to the Patrick Henry, the vessel which lay next to the Havre, but which, through the ebb of the tide, had placed about twenty feet between them, leaving a yawning chasm for either party to cross over. Each party were within talking distance, and the drunken man pitched the bottle of rum across the chasm, and which being caught by William, he was soon surrounded by eager drinkers, who commenced operations by breaking off the neck of the bottle, and, in the midst of boisterous mirth, they drank to each other's good health, and William appeared to have forgotten his friend, also that Mr. Jepson was an observer of his movements. The drunken man looked angry at William and his companions, and, with a dull and stupefied look, sought a means of reaching him, and seeming to have determined on a plan of getting on board the vessel, he mounted the bulwarks of the one on which he stood. Mr. Jepson saw his intention—made obvious by swinging his arms to and fro—which was to jump from one vessel to the other.

"Hold on there; what would you do?" shouted Mr. Jepson. But the foolish man laughed, and took his leap, but as the vessel on which he stood was lower in the water than that on which William was, he fell short of his intended leap by several feet; his feet and knees struck the side of the vessel, he clutched at the smooth side of the vessel, but bounded backwards, and his head struck the belly of the vessel he had leaped from; a sickening splash was heard in the dark and troubled water below, and soon the cry was

raised, "A man overboard!" In a moment William heard the cry, and looked for his friend, but not seeing him, the awful truth flashed across his mind. Of about four hundred men who had that day arrived, but few remained on board their respective ships, having gone on shore to procure refreshment. The few that remained on board quickly appeared up the hatchways, and eagerly crowded the ship's sides. The hands of the drowning man were now above his head, clutching the air, and numerous bubbles played above, and told of the death-struggle below. An intrepid man descended the gulf, with a rope's-end in one hand, and was about to take hold of the hair of the drowning man's head, which floated on the water, but the tide was strong, and the struggle was over, and, as if by consent, another foot or two was added to the width of the gulf, the stream was wider, and the body floated rapidly from between the ships, and as it passed away with the varied refuse cast from the several ships, not a solitary effort was put forth by the spectators to arrest it, and that body, like many hundreds of others lost in a similar manner, was never recovered.

The screams of women and children were now fearful, for who could tell whose husband or father it was? Several hours had sped away, and the tide again flowed, and one by one, or two and two, inebriate men sought their temporary home, giving back to wife and children him who each had deplored as lost to them for ever. At sundown heads were counted, and the dead one was known to be a single man from Surrey in England.

At dusk that evening a carriage was driven on to the "Fulton Steam Boat," at the Ferry-house, foot of Courtland Street. It contained five persons. On reaching the Jersey side, the whip, so seldom used to horses in America, was smartly applied to the sides of the dull beast that drew the carriage. The wheels rattled along the Trenton Road; and at four o'clock in the morning when the woodsman and the farmer could

Watch young Iris as she dips  
Her mantle in the sparkling dew,  
Till, chased by Sol, away she trips  
Over the horizon's quivering blue,

the carriage wound round the new made dusty road, and there, embosomed in the woods, stood Jepson's farm, in quiet and solitary beauty, now once more to have the gloom of death invade its repose, whose ruthless hand will fall alike on the just and the unjust, and who, irrespective of crime or quality, will sat itself in, in grim triumph, in every place, despoiling hearts and homes in every quarter of this beautiful but sin-stained world.

Sam alighted from the carriage and hobbled across the lawn, and as he hurried past the grave of his late mistress, he stole a glance at it, and throwing his arms up, significant of despair, he groaned out a "Lord bless us." He entered the house, and in a few minutes he appeared again at the rear, followed by several of the hands. Soon the inanimate body of Mr. Jepson was placed on an hurdle and carried in silence to the house. Several of the female helps surrounded the party, and in mute and painful expression, glanced now at their white haired and much-loved master, and then at two men who followed in the distance, and who were at once recognized as William and Peter.

That day was passed in silent sorrow. In the evening the window curtains of the dying man's chamber were closely drawn. At the window next the bed, and with her elbow resting on a table sat Jane, with her eyes intently fixed on the face of her dying father, and the little Lizzy, now nearly four years of age, sitting on her mother's knee. At the bedside sat the physician; whilst at the foot of the bed, and leaning over the polished French bedstead of maple-wood, was the statue-like form of Sam; and William, with his usual apathy, sat on a chair alike indifferent to scenes of grief, or of loveliness, a compound of selfishness, wickedness, and sloth.

At sundown the following evening, the coffin, which contained the remains of Mrs. Jepson, was placed on a rudely constructed bier, and Sam had busied himself in sweeping the earth from its lid and sides. Two hours later, and the polished coffin which contained the dead body of the last representative of the Jepson family, was placed beside it, whilst dressed in matchless white, the several females of both colours who were attached to the homestead, with others from adjacent lots, stood near the bier, and Jane, with the infant Lizzy in her arms, supported by Sam, but neglected by the husband of her choice, bowed her pale face on the coffin lids and wept with an anguish unutterable. And now the rich melody of Negro voices were blended together and chaunted the requiem for the dead, the full and melodious tones of which arose with the breeze, and in soft and soothing cadence filled the air with music.

"Daughter, dear daughter, from this sphere  
We saw thee drop the silent tear,  
And weep for us;  
While we, entranced in glory bright,  
Are children of both joy and light,  
Why weep for us?  
Why weep for us?  
Then ever dream thou hast on high—  
Thou hast, in full eternity,  
A joyful home!  
A joyful home!  
Where angels shout and seraphs sing  
For evermore!"

Till sunrise on the morrow the watchers stayed by the bier. In the afternoon of the day, the bodies of the aged couple were interred in the grave-yard of Grace Church, New York. An unpretending head-stone marks the spot.

Winter had placed its chilly hand on surrounding homesteads, young spring had again returned, and all nature was arrayed in her many-coloured and beautiful garb. The furniture and effects of Jepson's farm were put up at auction—all was confusion. The hands were called together—England, Old England, was a pass-word among them, but William was nowhere to be found.

## CHAPTER XIV.—JEPSON FARM.

## THE SALE—THE ORPHAN—ENGLAND—THE LAWYER.

"Oh God! thy works are infinite—all space  
Is full of thee, the earth, the skies, the waters,  
The circumambient air all teem with life  
And never-ending germ."

"Now, Citizen, that ar's somethin' humspun, and yer may's well buy it, or ye'll be too late, I guess, as this here vendue's been heard on er thousand miles up country; an' thar jist you clat out mas'r Pompey, or ther gentlemen 'll bid for you, an' you'll be knocked down in ther lot for fifty dollars or so; thar that's er lively nigger—an' as I was gwine ter say," and the brusque swaggering auctioneer mounted a table. "An as I was gwine ter say, thar's no soft soap in what I'm gwine

ter tell yer, gentlemen, but I'm gwine ter offer these dry goods for nothin' ter day, and double ther price ter morrow; but if them ar helps ud leave off makin' sich a mussy, I'd jist tel yer, that this lot o' furniter's wuth all ther cents I'm asking, if only for kindling wood. Now, five dollars fer that sight o' lumber, five, five—twenty, ah! ah! yer must look smart now citizens, as thar's Senator Moss, how do, how do, Senator? Now ther Senator knows ther wuth of a tree afore ther seed's put in ther ground ter grow it, an' I guess he'll buy up the hull concern, an' all ther helps too—thirty, yes thirty-five, good, good, now that looks like bis'ness, forty, I'm 'fraid they must go at that small sum—forty, forty: ah! that's better, now going, going, going, at fifty dollars, you'd better not stand there we'ping, my darling," said the curt, insulting, and unsparing auctioneer, addressing Jane, "for you look so white an marble-like that I spect you'll be bid for and bought up as a Venus to adorn ther Senator's large hall, that's it, aint it now, Senator?" said the fellow with audacious effrontery, smirking and winking. "Fifty-two dollars, wall I never, a great sacrifice that, but never mind, ther Senator can buy up ther best five hundred in this state, or any whar else; an' more than that, he's a patriot, an' made o' ther right kinder stuff, I guess."

And Jane wept, as lot after lot of furniture and farming utensils were knocked down to the highest bidder by this "emblem of buffoonery and blackguardism," whose twinkling grey eyes roved from bidder to bidder, actual or pretended, and who, like his class in America, are always in league with confederates. Before sundown the gravel walks and the well-kept lawn, presented a confused mass of cart wheel ruts, beautiful beds of flowers were trodden under foot, and the house internally and externally was naked and despoiled.

In the small parlour of the dwelling house, were about thirty individuals, and Jane sat in their midst. She held in her hand an antique silver watch. Her face was more than usually pale. The helps were grouped about the room, and whispered their grievances the one to the other. Sam was sitting on a trunk, around which was a strong cord; in his arms lay little Lizzy fast asleep. Jane continued looking at the watch. "Seven o'clock," she said, and sighed heavily, and all eyes were anxiously turned upon her. "Seven o'clock, my father's friend will soon be here, my friends," said Jane, addressing them, "and he will pay you your wages, to-morrow we shall go on board the 'Washington,' and she looked affectionately at Sam and his little Welsh wife. "When we are far away, dear friends, think of us, pray for us." And a loneliness deep and saddening pervaded the company. It had become too dark to see each others' faces, and at that hour men and women became as children, and quivering sobs rose from every breast. Just then, as if to cheer them in their sadness, the pale moon peered over the tops of some tall poplars which skirted the lawn, and cast her beauteous beams through the latticed window full upon the sorrowing ones. Jane arose, and walked to the window, and looked out upon the lawn. The tall tress cast a shade over the spot where but a few months since was the mound beneath which reposed a beloved mother's remains. The moon rose higher, and the shade gradually passed over the loved spot, and revealed the now downtrodden soil, and a superstitious awe crept over her, and thoughts of her forlorn condition crowded upon her sensitive mind, and she raised her thin arms and pale face toward heaven, and in anguish, not to be penned by mortal hand, exclaimed "Oh, my mother and my father, you are with your God, and are now happy," and turning round toward Sam, she held forth her hands, and said, taking Lizzy from him, "and we are here, my darling, but where, oh where, is my husband?" and enfolded the sleeping child in an ecstasy of love, she joined the weepers. The silence was painful, Sam spoke not to her; but, as customary with this faithful fellow, he drew his big palm across his eyes and dislodged the brimming tears, and after two or three efforts, he succeeded in commencing an air well-known, and much regarded by the coloured people, and the spell was broken when their tremendous voices united in singing—

"Jerusalem my happy home,  
Name ever dear to me,  
When shall my labours have an end,  
In joy, and peace, and thee?"

In concluding the last verse of the favourite hymn the usual chorus was added of—

"Caanian, bright Caanian,  
I'm gwine to the land of Caanian,"

and was scarce ended when a sharp rap at the door startled them, and the chorus was abruptly broken off. Jane started to her feet, exclaiming, "It's Mr. Devereux." The door was opened, and the form of a man darkened the entrance, but who instantly walked in, just as Sam had supplied a light.

"Good evening, friends, good evening; I'm glad to find you all so merry; merry times these for young folks, and old ones too, I presume," he added, taking a rapid survey of the company. "Well, we'll, to business, Miss Cotton; but really I could not help standing to listen to your pretty song; such voices should not be buried in such a wood as this; why, you may believe me, but if Barnum knew of such singing birds he'd shower the dollars down upon you in his museum, or at Castle Gardens. I declare, as for you, Miss," said he, rudely laying his hand on Jane's shoulder, "you would be a valuable bit of property to any man, and such a voice, too, eh!"

Jane felt troubled, and drew back a pace or two. "O, don't be alarmed, my little singing bird; I've good news for you, lots of dollars."

"Mebbe der gentleman I'll sit down on dis yer box, an not tork ter Missey Jane like dat ar, an den Missey Jane can tel yer dat she arnt gwine ter sing fer mas'r Barnum, while dis childe can work and fend her," said Sam.

"Perhaps Missey Jane will send that black scoundrel to me, whilst I cane him for his impudence; but these white folks always spoil the niggers when they come to this country to get meat, because they can't get bread and cheese in the old country," retorted Mr. Devereux, angrily.

Jane, usually so timid and retiring, cast an indignant look at him, and said, "Sir, my dying father told me that Mr. Devereux was a friend of his, and a gentleman, one who would do justice to his memory, by regarding the welfare of his orphan daughter, and by arranging the business for which he was engaged, and so liberally paid to perform. These people are my friends, sir, my poor father's work-people, and are unaccustomed to such conduct as shown by you. This man, alluding to Sam, may have misunderstood you, but I do not. I must apologize for him, he meant no harm; for myself I pardon you; but remember, sir, that I am quite safe with these people, and I beg that you will at once forget this unpleasantness, and proceed to the business which brought you here."

"I meant no offence, Miss Cotton," replied the man, with ill-concealed chagrin, "you country folks are ignorant of city life, and must be excused accordingly. But to business, Miss, if you please. I waited some time to hear your

charming song, and I cannot lose any more time, as I am wanted in the City this evening. So we'll to business."

"We were singing a hymn, sir," said Jane, "and are all by far too sad to sing songs, or to be merry; indeed, we don't know any but spiritual songs."

Well, song or not, it was very charming, very; and I must say I liked it quite as well.

"Mebbe you'll hear us sing de song ob de cross, to der same tune, nuss'r?" said Sam.

"No, no, my singing darkie, I've no time to spare," said the lawyer. "Well, now, Miss Cotton, I presume that you know the exact state of your father's affairs."

"I know," replied Jane, "that my father was free from debts, and that he valued his property at several thousands of dollars."

"I have here the result of the sale, Miss Cotton, and here is a copy for you, by which you will perceive that the net produce is 2,500 dollars; less 250 dollars for sale expenses. The crops upon Jepson farm are worth 2,000 dollars; but they are of no use to you. Wheat, maize, and the like, are plentiful on adjacent farms, and none of your neighbours will become purchasers of yours on that account; besides which, they have as much of their own as they can manage. So the only way that I can counsel you is, to stay where you are, and employ hands to get in your crops; but as that cannot be done for some months to come, and as all the farming utensils have been sold, you will have to hire others, or buy them, and which, with the cost of getting in, will absorb more than half their worth, and the difficulty will be more than doubled by your being obliged to remain here till next spring—a great expense you will admit, seeing that you have neither carts, horses, nor tools; no overseer, and but few hands, and, worse than all, no home."

There was a lightness in Mr. Devereux's manner, and which, to a more matured and experienced mind than Jane's, it would obviously have appeared, as it really was, namely, a "Yankee trick," concocted and arranged so as to leave no other alternative than to leave the rich crops on Jepson Farm to be reaped by those who did not sow them, and the spoil to be divided among those whose chief delight is to defraud the orphan and the widow.

"Besides which," continued the arch lawyer, "your situation is made still more awkward by this document I hold in my hand. Your father, like a prudent man, wished me to provide you and your husband, servant and child, with a passage home to England. I have, therefore, engaged berths for the four persons herein-named, and which, with necessaries for the voyage, has cost 200 dollars; and the 'Washington' sails at six o'clock to-morrow evening." Here Mr. Devereux read the names of the four persons for whom he had taken berths.

Jane's lip quivered when she heard the name of William Cotton, her husband, and she stated that he was absent, gone, she knew not where.

"So much the worse for you, my dear," said Mr. Devereux, "as we cannot substitute another name for that of William Cotton. The law won't allow that. So you see in that case you have lost fifty dollars at once."

"What must I do, sir?" asked Jane, much embarrassed by the lawyer's cool and confident tone.

"Do? Why, my dear miss, to stay here now would be madness; and as your father's friend, I counsel you to make yourself as comfortable as possible, and go on board the Washington to-morrow, and leave the crops, as many a crop has been left. The fifty dollars for William Cotton is lost, but that is a mere trifle; but you will have to pay fifty dollars for that darkie. So the matter is plain enough."

"Well," said Jane, "I must do so."

"You have no other alternative," said Mr. Devereux.

"Then, you have to hand over 2,500 dollars, you say," enquired Jane.

"No, indeed," said Mr. Devereux, "nor yet half of that sum; listen, 250 dollars sale expenses; 250 dollars ship expenses, 20 dollars to each of your thirty helps, is 600 dollars, and 200 dollars are due to me; so, from 2,500 dollars, we must take 1,300, and then, but 1,200 dollars remain; but even that would be a handsome sum, and would place you in a very comfortable business in the old country; but you may not be aware that, within these three years, Mr. Jepson's son-in-law, William Cotton, has drawn 400 dollars on your father's account, and this taken from the 1,300 dollars, with 500 more borrowed by Mr. Jepson, as a mortgage on this property, with a moderate interest on the money borrowed, leaves but about 200 dollars to pay over to Miss Jepson—I beg your pardon—to Mrs. Cotton." Poor Jane felt overwhelmed; she knew too, that by methods strange and complicated, she had been swindled out of her father's property; but she received the 200 dollars, and put her signature to a document that swept away one of the richest lots on the Jersey Coast.

That night was passed in anxious watchings for the coming of the day on which she was to bid farewell to every earthly love, her little Lizzy excepted, and at seven o'clock in the evening of that sad day, the ship Washington lay at anchor out in the stream. The fortune at Jane's disposal being about 120 dollars, or about twenty-five pounds sterling, and a letter of introduction to a person residing near Temple Bar, London, and who, being under pecuniary obligations to Mr. Jepson, had promised to take charge of Jane.

## CHAPTER XV.—ENGLAND.

LONDON—JANE COTTON—LIZZY MEETS WITH TINY BAXTER.

"Alas! little Tiny what makes you so poor?"  
Said Jane to poor Tiny who sat at her door:  
"Oh! why do you thus all in rags like to roam?  
Say, who are your parents! and where is your home?"

"No parents I have, no friends, and no bread,  
No home and no shelter, no shoes and no bed;  
My mother, she died and she went to her rest,  
And her little boy Tiny's a wanderer at best."

Two years had passed away, and again the scene shifts to a small street in the vicinity of Temple Bar, London. The buoyant spirit of Jane had been crushed. She but seldom spoke to any one but the little Lizzy, who was now a sweet-tempered and intelligent child of six years old. A calm melancholy had settled in Jane's mind, and which was added to by close application to the needle, by which she managed to pay the rent of a small room, and to keep a decent appearance. About twelve months after Jane's arrival in England, William Cotton had followed her, and claiming the right of a husband, had forced himself upon one, whose love for him was of that inextinguishable kind, that she permitted him to indulge in his selfish habits, and

to tax her hours of rest to supply him with food and shelter. On his arrival in England, he had met with John Betneys, and now worked in the same firm with him. They both drew liberal weekly wages; but which, conjointly, they squandered in nightly revels. On one occasion only, had Jane met with John Betneys's wife, and then accompanied with Lizzy. She went one Saturday night to a public house in Drury Lane, to try to rescue some share of William's wages. Here the two children first met, and although they did not speak to each other, being strangers, Lizzy, so neat, so pretty, and altogether so unlike any one that Tiny had before seen; added to the look of pity, with which the child regarded him, made an impression upon the little fellow never afterwards forgotten. But 'tis always so; love framed this world, and brought into existence all things within its boundless range; and wherever order reigns, universal love is the author and sustainer. And whilst it subdues the proud, and attracts and harmonizes nations and families by an act, a touch, a sound, or a look, and would fain bind up mankind in one bundle of peace, and universal brotherhood, evil, like a spiritual juggernaut, has created a world of its own, and in the centre of all that is holy and good, has instituted a whirling vortex; to which, by its seductive influence, all nations and kindreds become tributary; and, like the upas tree, plunges all those into the sleep of death who are attracted under its withering shade.

From that night a sympathy existed between the two children. Lizzy and her mother often talked about poor Tiny, and Lizzy wondered why he should be so ragged and so dirty; but Jane instructed her child in the sorrows of many children, who, like Tiny, are neglected by both parents, and, unlike her, have no kind mother to counsel them in wisdom's ways.

And Tiny thought often of the kind looks of that little girl, and, young as he was, he drew comparisons between the appearance of each. Lizzy was now her mother's errand-girl, and, one summer's day, was in a neighbouring market; on arm was her little market-basket, and, with her disengaged hand, she held up her pretty frock, and carefully picked her way across the dirty road, and her bright eyes beamed beneath a snow-white sun-bonnet, when she suddenly came upon a mob of noisy boys, two of whom were fighting. She went as near to them as she felt she dare go, and found that the fight had arisen about a mongrel puppy, and which was nearly choked by the determined grip of a boy who had just achieved a victory over the other, who had tried to take the puppy from him. Lizzy looked at the boy, and at once recognised Tiny Baxter. His nose was bleeding, but he held the puppy tight, and stood over the boy he had beaten in a menacing attitude, and Lizzy thought him quite a hero for his defence of the little puppy. The mob now dispersed, and Tiny walked away, but was followed by Lizzy, who asked him if the puppy was hurt? Tiny looked in the speaker's face, and remembered her; he felt as though in the presence of a superior being, and stammered out, "No; not much;" and a mutual examination of body and limbs followed as the two walked on together.

"You are all over mud," said Lizzy.

"I always am," replied Tiny, looking at his muddy clothes.

"Where do you live, Tiny?" asked the girl.

"I don't live anywhere, now, I don't," replied Tiny, stroking the puppy, and turning his face from her earnest gaze.

"Where do you sleep, then?" continued the child.

"O, sometimes in a cart," said Tiny. "Last night, I slept in that market, me and this little dog did, and that boy wanted to steal him away from me."

"Dear me," said Lizzy; "hav'n't you got no father and mother?"

"No—yes—sometimes I have; but not now I ain't," replied the boy.

"I've got a mother, and a pretty home, too," said Lizzy. "Won't you come and see my home and my mother?"

"May I come and see your mother?" said Tiny, brightening up.

"Oh, yes," replied Lizzy. "My mother often talks about you; so do come, and I'll show you my little rabbit and my books, and I'll learn you to read, and I'll mend your clothes; I can work at my needle." And the two children were as united in friendship as if they had been long acquainted, while Lizzy led the way to her home and her mother.

(To be continued in our next.)

## PAPERS ON HOMŒOPATHY.

By JACOB DIXON, Esq., L.S.A.

### XIII.—HOMŒOPATHY: ITS DIET.

As Homœopathy rejects all compound drugging, and gives its single medicine in small quantity, any diet having other than nutritive properties is found to be inimical to the curative action of the drug, and is, therefore, inadmissible. We are told by the Old School that Homœopathic cures are due to this careful dieting. Why not prove this in its hospitals? Why spend hospital funds unnecessarily? Authorized statistical returns show a large per centage in favour of homœopathic treatment in all diseases. (See Statistics, Paper VII.) And this difference is attributed to diet! Why go on, then, administering doses of porter, gin, wine, &c.? From homœopathic dietaries, these, as a rule, are excluded. If simple nutritious aliment alone cures, why not adopt it? If not, the value of the dietary is tacitly denied by the Old School, and it eats its words. Yet to deny that, and also the value of the medicines, while the cures are acknowledged, is so very absurd, that something else must be brought in to dispense with the idea that the medicines do anything, and that is the *Vitalis Medicatrix Natura*, or *Curing Power of Nature*. But this power is available by the old system as well as the new. It is not this, then, that gives the different results of the two practices; if it tells at all it is against the Allopaths; for this *Curing Power of Nature* is as much weakened and embarrassed by the after-effects of the stimulants they prescribe in debility, and as it is directly depressed, if not exhausted, by its violent lowering system in cases of excitement. But the New School does no violence to the *Curing Power of Nature*;

its direct object, in administering its medicines, is to operate with her, to the re-establishment of harmonious action in the various departments of the system; and in this the Homœopathist is careful that his medicines shall not be counteracted by any stimulating or noxious article of diet.

### XIV.—HOMŒOPATHY ON THE CONTINENT.

The most largely circulated medical journal in England has a "bad pre-eminence" in the use of low language. When its Editors write about Hahnemann and Homœopathy they would seem to be foaming at the mouth. The medical periodicals of countries abroad, as a rule, are conducted by scholars and gentlemen; hence a striking difference in tone and language between ours and theirs. Hufeland, of world-wide renown as the author of "The Art of Prolonging Life," conducted a medical journal in which he spoke of Hahnemann, as "one of the most distinguished of German physicians, and as a practical physician of matured experience and reflection." The admirable Jean-Paul Richter, and our own poet-scholar, Coleridge, concurred in contemplating Hahnemann as "an extraordinary example of learning and philosophy." Sir John Forbes, of our Queen's household, confessed that "many of Hahnemann's followers are sincere, honest, and learned men." Let our journalists ponder upon such criticisms, and then they will not be astonished to learn that Hahnemann's system is rising progressively higher in the estimation of the heads of the countries of Europe, as well as of its populations. A few years ago a hospital at Nice was established, in which the dowager Empress, the Grand Duke Constantine, and the Princess Helena, of Russia, the King of Sardinia, the Crown Prince of Wurtemberg, Prince Carl of Prussia, the Duke of Parma, &c., severally took part in liberally endowing. Most of the royal households on the Continent are professionally attended by homœopathic physicians. The King and Queen of Hanover delight in doing honour to theirs. Radetsky was cured of a malignant tumour by homœopathy. His public acknowledgement led much to this high recognition of the science. The Emperor and Empress of the French are homœopaths, and patronise it in the person of Dr. Boenninghausen, permitting him to practise at Paris without going through the formalities that are imposed upon foreigners—the same privilege had been accorded to Hahnemann by Louis Philippe. Homœopathy on the Continent is everywhere in the ascendant.

### XV.—HOMŒOPATHY: IN ENGLAND.

HOMŒOPATHY has here its hospitals and dispensaries; its long established practitioners, its chemists, its associations, its journals, its lectures and tracts, its literature with volumes innumerable. It brings out its statistics in victorious comparison with those of the Old School; it publishes its practice, its patients extol its cures; it is asked for at the cottage, it is sent for to the palace; it is praised by the poor, it is valued and its benefits are extended by the rich. This is before the world, but go behind the scenes, and look where the prejudices of the Old School do not reach; thousands are there observing, studying; thousands are convinced, yet hesitating to break off from old associations and professional friendships; among these are many medical men, who ask how they can leave the Old and join the New? Yes: Homœopathy stands, not only in *fixed principles*, but it is a *fixed fact*. Its days of pioneer warfare are over. Half a century's life has given it strength, and a hold on the thinking and feeling world: and it needs not fear impairment. It invites, it demands inquiry: it asks for more light to show itself, and more room to exert itself. Opposition to it is not only met with from Old-School practitioners and those jointly interested with them: these keep up a class-demonstration against it. Whenever a class-interest seems to be threatened, the hostility of that class may be looked for; but misrepresentation by classes whose self-interests are disturbed by a newly discovered Truth, has never in this country been of avail against the extension of a system of public advantage—that homœopathy is such is shewn by statistics. Hahnemann was an eminent physician, esteemed by the heads of his profession, before he discovered the Law of Homœopathy. Discovered within the pale of the profession, conscientiously disseminated by its members, it assuredly claims the studious attention of the profession, as it has already received that of the laity.

### INFORMATION WANTED.

SIR,—Will you inform me whether there is any book published, that treats more fully of the study of disease, and the Homœopathic remedies, than Herring's, and Laurie's "Domestic Medicines"?—Likewise, how the remedies are prepared? I have, for the last two years, practised Homœopathy, according to the above books, among my friends, very successfully, of course gratuitously; as I intend still to do, I think I should like to know more about the science of Homœopathy.—Yours, INQUIRER.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following mottoes, as appropriate to the *Two Worlds*:—"So long as men are true to themselves, true to nature, true to nature's God; so long will the light of life, and the life of light, illumine their paths, vivify their souls, and crown their endeavours with success."—"He that followeth me (Jesus Christ) shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."



## LITERARY NOTICES.

*The Spiritual Messenger*, October, 1858. Greenwich: W. Carpenter. London: W. Horsell.—This magazine is devoted to the advocacy of "spiritualism, mesmerism, and other branches of psychological science," and is conducted by Mr. Carpenter, the mesmerist, of Greenwich. The number before us is well got up, very readable, and is, more than some might have expected, an able advocate of its peculiar tenets. It contains a notice of the *Zoist*, a publication which ignored the existence of the mind, the soul, or the spiritual principle of man, as such, and which substituted for the term "soul" the non-synonymous term "phenomena," and reduced, or rather attempted to reduce, these "phenomena" into mere results of certain combinations of matter! The *Spiritual Messenger* waxeth wroth at the *Zoist's* attempt to bring man to the level of a merely animal, sensuous, or material being, and justly denounces it as being the "stealthy hand of a destroyer outstretched for the purpose of uprooting the very first developments of Christianity which may be found in the human breast." Against such materialism, Mr. Carpenter has set himself to work; and he affirms, in truth, that "the man who, with his boasted civilization, disowns the sacred teachings of the Bible, and endeavours to establish a system of philosophy in diametrical opposition to them, is, in mental and social advancement, far beneath the unlettered though noble North American Indian, in his prairie wigwam, who calls upon the Great Spirit to guide him in the exercise of his healing power, and whose hope beyond the grave is a 'happy hunting ground.'" The *Messenger* also contains an "Illustration of Providence," which we already have taken the liberty of re-producing in our columns; and articles on "Spiritualism at the Mesmeric Infirmary," "Spirit Communications," reported in Phonography, from Lucy Westcott, King Edward the Sixth, and Mrs. B.; "The Materialism of the Medical Profession;" a Caution to spiritualistic mediums, to the effect that, as according to the assurance of one of the "holy spirit friends," on a certain day upwards of 30 spirit mediums in this country would lose their gift of mediumship, and others "have the influence of good spirits withdrawn from them, and be left to the influence of spirits who are more in accordance with their own natures," they should commence their sittings with a sincere desire that God would send his holy spirits to guide them; and that otherwise, they would have no other choice but the spirits of evil.

*Englishwoman's Journal*. London: Odell and Innes.—The October number of this journal contains some interesting papers. Among them two—"Domestic Life," and "Why Boys are Cleverer than Girls," attract us. "Domestic Life" appears to be a running commentary upon various communications received by the editors. Many departments of home-life are touched upon with an air of criticism which is clever. To woman especially is a consideration of our home life interesting. We are pleased to see continued mention made of the trials from which women suffer, in the article we refer to, and of the slavery customs imposed upon them. To let a woman clearly understand that fashion imposes upon herself and her sisters only waste of time, means, and health, will be a worthy service, and we hope this woman's magazine will continue to point out what penalties follow a patient submission to every custom which accident may introduce and enforce. "Why Boys are Cleverer than Girls," explains that a woman at a salary of £20 per annum cannot give the same instruction to girls that a man with three times that salary may give to boys. This is a very proper view of the "woman's rights question," showing that if women have hitherto been intellectually inferior to men, they have not at least had the same educational advantages.

*The Philosophy of Sacred History considered in relation to Human Aliment and the Wines of Scripture*. By Sylvester Graham, M.D. Parts 1 and 2. London: W. Horsell, 6d.—This a very valuable American work, and Mr. Horsell is doing a great service to the temperance cause by reprinting it. It inquires what effects the use of flesh as food, and of wine and alcoholic liquors as drinks, has on the condition, character, and actions of man, as the subject of the moral and spiritual government of God, with reference to the fulfilment of the great purposes of divine benevolence; and, What are the bearings or teachings of the Bible as a whole, in relation to these points? The sensible writer of this disquisition seems to be somewhat Hutchinsonian in his views.—"The truth of natural science is the truth of God and always comes with divine authority to man; and the Bible, as the revealed word of God, must, when accurately interpreted, be perfectly consistent with what is true in chemistry, mineralogy, botany, astronomy, and every other natural science." On the real questions of the discussion, he affirms "The use of flesh as food, and of alcoholic liquor as a drink, is incompatible with the highest and best state of human nature," that "man is naturally in no measure a flesh-eating animal, but is organized to subsist wholly on the products of the vegetable kingdom;" and that "the direct and certain tendency of alcoholic liquor as a drink, like that of flesh as food, but in a vastly greater degree, is to sensualise, debase, and destroy man's whole nature, to increase the power of the animal over the intellectual, and moral, and religious man, to render man less able to understand the true nature and character of God, and the true relations between God and man—less able to perceive, and understand, and obey moral and religious truth." He does not, however, affirm that flesh-meat is an actual poison to the constitution, or that the habitual dietetic use of it, in moderate quantities, and under proper regulations, is, in all conditions and circumstances, a source of more immediate and permanent evil than good to man as an individual; on the

contrary, he admits that individual men may be brought into such a condition as will render it both necessary and proper, "nay, even best," to eat flesh. But he argues that flesh-food is not conducive to the *highest* state of man in his complex nature, as a *species* and as an aggregation of individuals. We confess, we should have liked this part of his argument much better—indeed, it would have been more complete, had he replied to the objection, which at once springs up, and reconciled with his teaching of the unfitness of flesh for aggregations of men, the suppositions, that what one man has done, another man may do, and that what is good physically for an individual, may be good for a species. Perhaps the English reproducer of this work, who is "well up" in these subjects and a practical vegetarian, will supply, in an appendix, the omission. The author's next business is to show that all those particular portions of the Holy Scripture which seem to be at variance with his views really harmonize with them. For the "divine regimen" presented to man in the primitive state of things, we are referred to Genesis i. 29–30, where we read—"And God said, Be-hold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat; and to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to everything that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat; and it was so." Whilst we do not agree with every thing advanced by Dr. Graham, (as, for instance, his belief that "the regulations prescribed to Adam, and the motives which were presented to induce his obedience, so far as he understood them, or had any notion of their import, related *wholly* to temporal interests, and to his animal sensibilities, appetites, and sufferings,") yet we must say, that his "Philosophy of Sacred History" is at least, a remarkable approximation to a final solution of the two-fold question it discusses, and, as such, and as eliciting thought, and placing the whole subject for view in a more philosophical light, we heartily recommend it to our readers for their perusal and study.

*Meliora: A Quarterly Review of Social Science, in its Ethical, Economical, Political, and Ameliorative Aspects*. October, 1858. London: Partridge and Co., and W. Horsell.—This serial, the "Quarterly" of the United Kingdom Alliance, is ably conducted, and richly deserves patronage. The number before us contains articles on Life in Arcadia; Norwegian Travels; the Philosophy of Wages; the Social Claims and Aspects of Science; the Genius and Prospects of Negroes; (in which the writer predicts that "ere long, the great nations of the civilised world will deal with the Negro as they deal with each other, and as they are bound to deal with every nation and tribe on earth,—according to settled rules of international law and justice;") the History of the Struggle for a Prohibitory Liquor Law in Maine; and Caste.

*Poems*. By William Tidd Matson. London: Groombridge and Sons.—Mr. Matson is already favourably known to the public as the author of "A Summer Evening Reverie and other Poems;" the success of which has encouraged him to issue the present volume. This includes the poems in his former collection (forming in bulk about one-fourth of the book), and above eighty additional poems of various degrees of length and merit. The writer evidently possesses correct taste and considerable poetic feeling. To borrow an illustration from the sister art of painting, we should say that the prevailing tone of his picture-poems is that of twilight. Much is there in these poems that is tender and graceful; much in his delineations of nature that is beautiful and impressive. But he has more than even the artist's eye and the poet's pen; he is an earnest thinker and worker, one, too, of a genial catholic spirit. He loves to deal with the blending lights and shadows of human life with

"Those obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things,  
Fallings from us, vanishings,  
Blank misgivings of a creature  
Moving about in worlds not realised."

questionings, indeed, which are the heritage of the thoughtful sons of Adam in every age. In illustration of the way in which our author treats these and kindred topics, we would refer to his "Cloud Fissures," "Behind the Veil," "Death," "The Soul," "Prayer," "Aspiration," and "Immortality alone can solve the darkest of Enigmas." He has drunk deeply of the spirit of many our best poets, Wordsworth, for instance, and still more, Tennyson, whose influence upon him is, in some of these poems, very perceptible. When we say that Mr. Matson's poems are eminently religious, we do not mean that they are a series of dull, pedantic preachments in verse, but they deal more immediately with man as a spiritual being, and with his relation to spiritual realities, rather than with outward and material things. In this sense, Mr. Matson is no less a labourer in the Master's vineyard, when writing poems, than when preaching sermons. The true poem and the true sermon work to the same end—that of elevating our spiritual life and human sympathies, though each acts upon us in a different way, and appeals to us through different faculties of our nature. We had marked several passages for illustrative extract, but, on the whole, we think we shall be doing greater justice to both author and readers, if we refer the latter to the book itself. We feel sure that to many of the lovers of poetry it will be acceptable. In a modest preface, the author says:—"The love of poetry itself I shall never gainsay. It has charmed away for me many a grief, and heightened many a joy. It has garlanded my path on earth with many a flower, and ennobling, and spiritualising, and beautifying life, it has often aided my aspirations after that

brighter and better world, where the spirits of the blest for ever join in prolonging the measures of one harmonious and immortal song." Long may it continue to do so, and incite him to communicate to others a measure of that good which it has enabled him to realise! In the foregoing extract we think our author has incidentally furnished an answer to the oft recurring question,—“Of what use is poetry?”

## OUR CORRESPONDENTS' INQUIRY COLUMN.

W. B. will see that one of our contributors has made use of the Rev. W. Ace's valuable lecture on self-education. D. would have given his paper as a summary of the lecture, if he had not incorporated with it thought of his own. The Amwell Street Institute is one of those now numerous institutions in the metropolis where, under auspices of the best kind, working men may aid themselves in the labour of self-education.

W. D. M. writes excellently as to thought and feeling; but his language is diffuse, and required too much pruning before we could present it to our readers. Inveective against the professors of lamentable errors, and speculative views against mere speculation, however *well* expressed in numerous pages, are not worth so much as a few lines of *facts*, and the deductions from them by common sense.

W. Malthouse; Health and Dretetics; Alcohol as a Medicine; &c., received; but must stand over for a week.

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